

i like it (a little too much)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/65427730) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/65427730>.

Rating:

[Explicit](#)

Archive Warning:

[No Archive Warnings Apply](#)

Category:

[F/M](#)

Fandom:

[The Pitt \(TV\)](#)

Relationship:

[Jack Abbot/Samira Mohan](#)

Characters:

[Jack Abbot \(The Pitt\)](#), [Samira Mohan](#), [Michael "Robby" Robinavitch](#), [Trinity Santos](#), [Parker Ellis](#), [John Shen \(The Pitt\)](#)

Additional Tags:

[Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot](#), [Alternate Universe - Bodyguard](#), [Age Difference](#), [Older Man/Younger Woman](#), [Fake/Pretend Relationship](#), [Mild Hurt/Comfort](#), [Slow Burn](#), [Bodyguard Jack Abbot](#), [Doctor Samira Mohan](#), [Minor Violence](#), [Masturbation](#), [Oral Sex](#), [Multiple Orgasms](#), [Riding](#), [Minor Knife Play](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2025-05-12 Words: 14,488 Chapters: 1/1

i like it (a little too much)

by [HotelRaleigh](#)

Summary

“You were testing us. Testing me.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Jack leans forward on the small table and Mohan leans back, but her mouth is quivering. “Did we pass your test, Doctor Mohan?”

The smirk breaks through, a dimple emerging on her cheek and - oh, that’s disorienting. Jack collects himself while she glances at her phone. “Under ten minutes. Not bad.”

“Usually my clients aren’t actively avoiding me, so you’ll have to forgive me the oversight this time.” He takes her soda and sips idly from the same straw.

Her lips grow into something wider, wilder. “Guess you’ll have to do better next time, Mr. Abbot.”

bodyguard AU

Notes

"bodyguard au" and there's maybe 2 scenes where they're acting like bodyguards, im so sorry.

inspired by ANOTHER @wispsofgold [edit](#)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Jack Abbot never wanted to take the job in the first place, he'll tell anyone who will listen.

He owed Robby a favor and Jack didn't like having debts. So he agreed, under the condition he could bring his own team in, part-private investigators, part-makeshift bodyguards. Two months, give or take. A relatively easy job, in and out.

Jack should know better than to believe whatever Robby tells him.

Doctor Samira Mohan, PhD - one of the most brilliant virologists in their shithole country - had started receiving ominous messages and phone calls. Source currently unknown; threat level mild in his books. But she was a close family friend of Robby and Heather's and Jack was a close family friend of Robby and Heather's, so the pieces fell into place.

It may or may not be related to her work.

It may or may not be related to the untimely death of her father, a government worker in an experimental lab somewhere deep in Virginia.

It may or may not be related to her shitty ex-boyfriend who apparently didn't like the fact that his former girlfriend was more successful than him.

Jack Abbot loved puzzles, but he hated uncertainties. He particularly hated uncertainties that put his client's life in danger. More than anything, though, Jack did not appreciate stubborn people.

"I'm not *not* going to work." Doctor Mohan stares at him, flabbergasted. She is, in fact, currently at work and Jack has to maneuver through the hallway, out of the way of a team of white coats.

"Do my people need clearance to get into your lab?" He asks brusquely.

She sucks on her teeth. "Well -"

"So you're not going to work."

She whirls on him and Jack pulls up short, stoic and undeterred.

"You don't get to tell me where I can and cannot go." Her lip is curled.

"Ma'am, unfortunately for you - that's a big part of the job description."

Palpable disgust marring her face. "*Ma'am*, god." She gives him a once-over, the first full look since he cornered the doctor in her office. "I don't trust cops."

"Understandable." He says, hands behind his back. "I'm not a cop."

She heaves a giant breath, shoulders slumping. "This isn't necessary at all."

"Robby seems to think otherwise."

Rolls her eyes at his words, at his tone. "And we both know that Robby can be overbearing and protective."

She's not wrong. "Sure. Which means he won't get off your back until this is settled."

That snaps her mouth shut, an appraising expression on her face. There's a pause, and then, "I can get *one* of you clearance. That's it."

Jack thinks it over. "Should work for now."

"What else do you need to know?" Mohan taps her foot impatiently, glancing down at the tablet in her hand repeatedly, as if she's late for something more important. She probably is.

"Anything you're willin' to share." He shrugs. "We've already got most of the information we need, but best to hear it straight from the horse's mouth."

Her eyes narrow. "What do you mean, you already have information?"

Jack Abbot's mouth twitches. "Ma'am. I'm very good at my job."

"What do you not seem to understand about bodyguards, Doctor Mohan?" Jack scrapes the chair against linoleum floor, falling into it heavily. His hair is still damp from his shower, clothes slightly askew.

It's distasteful, he thinks, to be rushed around when he's not the one on duty.

Mohan's eyes widen, pizza halfway in her mouth. She bites, chews slowly. Jack simply stares.

"I -" She dabs at the grease around her mouth. "I was hungry."

Jack's eye twitches. "Sure. So why didn't you inform Ellis you wanted food?"

"Figured it was easier if I ran out, ran back. No stress."

"*No stress.*" He emphasizes, just this side of patronizing. "You snuck out down your fire escape, avoiding Ellis, in order to get what I can only imagine is mediocre pizza at best. But as you say: no stress."

Jack waits as she eats the rest of her slice, surveilling the small shop instinctually.

It doesn't take very long for him to parse it out. If it did, he'd have to look for a new line of work.

"You were testing us. Testing me."

Mohan chokes a little on the cheese, takes a deep gulp from her soda. But he can see the slight flush to her cheeks. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Jack leans forward on the small table and Mohan leans back, but her mouth is quivering. "Did we pass your test, Doctor Mohan?"

The smirk breaks through, a dimple emerging on her cheek and - oh, that's disorienting. Jack collects himself while she glances at her phone. "Under ten minutes. Not bad."

"Usually my clients aren't actively avoiding me, so you'll have to forgive me the oversight this time." He takes her soda and sips idly from the same straw.

Her lips grow into something wider, wilder. "Guess you'll have to do better next time, Mr. Abbot."

Jack is saving a reminder in his phone - *never, ever speak to Michael*

Robinavitch again - when the notification from Santos pop up.

weirdo lurkin outside the main entrance

Need more of a description than “weirdo”, Santos.



white, male, late 30s/early 40s maybe? nice suit, but looks like he hasn't slept in days. could be kinda hot i guess, if you're into that

Jack considers firing her, not for the first time. But she's excellent at surveillance and intimidation, so she'll stay.

Checking the time, he's surprised to find it's almost eight. He shifts from his position against one of the lab tables and finds Mohan hunched over a machine. Back's gonna give her hell, he already knows.

“Ma'am, it's nearly eight.” Jack states, frowning when she jumps.

“God, I forgot you were there.” She glowers through her protective glasses, curls escaping from her clip. Jack steadies himself against the bench. “How is it possible you make, like, no sound?”

Jack shrugs, says nothing.

She squints at him. “Secrets, Mr. Abbot, are no fun.”

“I don't know about that. I find them riveting myself.” His mouth gives the ghost of a smile, before returning to cultivated neutrality. “It's almost eight.”

“Oh.” Mohan replies. “Uh, okay.”

“You got here at eight this morning.” Jack states facts.

She grimaces as she returns the specimen carefully to its rightful place. “Sorry, I know this must not be super thrilling for you.”

“Not what I meant.” He shakes his head as she strips herself of her lab coat and protective gear. “You work twelve hour days often?”

Mohan pauses as she grabs her laptop and pushes her way out of the lab, back towards her office. He falls into line neatly a step behind her. “When I have something important I'm working on, sure, but -” She stops. “Will you stop doing that.” She grabs his forearm and tugs

him forward, so he's next to her. "Makes me feel like I'm talking to myself."

Jack carefully does not think about how he let himself be manhandled so easily.

It's not until she's retrieved her bag and they're in the elevator down to the ground floor - Jack shooting a text to Santos - that he presses, "When you're working on something important...so, always?"

Mohan glances up at him, confused. "Wha- oh. Well." She seems frazzled, unsure of how to respond. Eventually she asks, "You think my work is important?"

His tongue works over in his mouth. "Do you think what you do here is meaningful?"

"Yes." No hesitation.

"Then I feel the same way." What he means is that she is his client and he is her contractor, and their relationship is strictly professional. What he means is that it doesn't matter what he deems important or not - in the grand scheme of things - outside of her life. What he means is that keeping her content is a big part of keeping her alive, the strategy proving resourceful in the past.

(But none of that is the full truth, either. What he also means is that Doctor Samira Mohan is one of the most intelligent people he's ever met - didn't take longer than twenty-hour hours after meeting her to come to this conclusion - and if she deems something important, Jack thinks everyone else should buck up and take note.)

He doesn't give her an opportunity to respond because the doors of the elevator open at the lobby and Jack steps out, waits until she's off, and then stops her in her tracks.

"Santos informs me there's a man outside who's been waiting for some time. Given that most of your colleagues are gone, we can assume he's waiting for you." Jack delivers the information clinically, matter-of-fact. It doesn't do much for Mohan's reaction, unfortunately. She squeezes into herself, eyes darting between his face and the lobby behind.

Sometimes, it's the worst part of the job. The first realization that this is real, that this is happening. That there is a definitive, concrete reason he is present, at his client's side.

“Santos should be talking to him. I want you to stay behind me at all times. I want you to have your phone out at all times. When we get outside, keep one hand on my jacket unless I tell you otherwise. Do you understand?” Jack ducks his head so she meets his eyes.

Mohan, to her credit, only gives herself another minute of doubt and panic before straightening, mouth set. Moving through the lobby, Jack gives a short nod to the security guard. Luckily it's Ronny and Jack knows that guy's ex-military, head naturally on a swivel. Always good to have someone else qualified in your back pocket in case the proverbial shit hits the fan.

The glass sliding doors open to the sight of Santos, arms crossed and stance strong, glaring down the man she'd texted him about. Pretty apt description, Jack thinks forlornly.

“What are you a freak? What business do you have here, hmm?” Santos demands and Jack would chuckle if his hackles weren't raised. The guy is tall, taller than Jack. It'll be a real bitch to take him down and his limb throbs where it meets the prosthetic in warning.

“Who *are* you?” The man asks, genuinely perplexed, sounding exhausted. When he speaks, though, Jack feels the hand on the back of his jacket - and good girl, he hadn't needed to remind her - tense.

“Greg?” Mohan asks over his shoulder and Jack quickly retracts his previous praise.

The man's head spins towards Jack, who's eyes dart from the man to Santos. She's ready, primed as she always is - a bit reckless, but he'll be damned glad to have her in his corner.

“Samira!” The man exhales in immense relief and takes a step towards Mohan and, subsequently, a step towards Jack. Mohan's hand tugs on his jacket again, a reflexive movement he would guess. Which means she took a step back. Which means she *felt* she had to take a step back.

Jack doesn't like this one bit.

“Think you can stay right over there, buddy.” Jack says, and in any other context, it'd be as easy-going as it comes. But this is Jack Abbot talking, and any ease is shattered when the man catches sight of his expression. Registers Jack's presence; specifically Jack's presence preventing him from seeing Mohan. His face flickers through a couple of expressions, landing on disbelief.

“Did you get a fucking *bodyguard*?” He laughs, though there’s no humor in it. “Oh, you’ve gotta be kidding me.”

The hand on his back releases and Mohan shifts as if to step in front of him. His arm comes up instinctively, blocking her path.

The man - Greg - clocks all of this and because he’s just as much an asshole as Jack expected, says venomously, “You’re gonna let this guy tell you where you can go, ‘Mira?’”

Jack’ll hand it to him - he’s good.

Mohan, to her immense credit (praise is back on the table), doesn’t take the bait. She crosses her arms but lets Jack shuffle closer, one of his shoulders guarding her.

“What the hell are you doing here, Greg?” She sounds exasperated.

Greg takes another step and Santos mimics him, adds casually, “Wouldn’t do that again if I were you, bub.”

The man jerks his head between her and Jack, scoffing. His focus falls back on Mohan. “Wouldn’t have to be here if you answered my calls.”

“Why would I do a thing like that?”

“Because you *owe me*.”

And, alright, this ends here. Entitlement is never a good sign. Jack signals towards Santos and interrupts, “We’re gonna be on our way now. And if I see you around again, *Greg*, you’re gonna be hearin’ from me and some friends of mine.”

The man turns his head slowly, and truly the only thing worse than entitlement is misdirected jealousy and competition. Jack Abbot has too many grey hairs for this shit. “Who the fuck are you to talk to me like that, old man?”

Okay, he’s not *that* old.

Jack hates this part, because everything starts to move in slow motion. Most would assume it's a good thing: allow him to reposition his feet, to get into the correct stance, to brace his core, to move Samira back a step, to clock Santos’ position and make careful calculations. It does allow him to do all that, but it also means he feels every hit as if it’s happening three times over.

Usually, anyway.

But this contract is far from usual. Jack Abbot is surprised. (He doesn't like surprises, if that wasn't abundantly obvious.)

Jack's shifting his back foot, torquing his core so he can attempt to end this in two hits. There's a whirlwind of movement at his side, a flash of black curls and brown skin, and then a fist collides with the side of Greg's face. He hears three things all at once: a startled guffaw from Santos, a groan from the man, and a muffled curse from Doctor Mohan herself.

Jack's moving immediately; he shoves Mohan into Santos' waiting arms and grabs Greg by the shirt collar, pinning him against the stone bench behind. He's still dazed by the punch, doesn't give much of a fight.

"You're gonna leave her alone. Or I'll sic both of them on you next time." Jack whispers harshly into the man's face, jerking his head toward the two women.

Greg blinks and Jack sees what he's looking for - a flicker of fear. He releases the grip, retreats two steps, still primed for a fight. The other man stands, swipes at his bleeding nose, and scowls at Mohan.

"Fuck, whatever man." Trying to right his suit, Greg slinks off and silence falls over them, until -

"Shit, punching someone *hurts*." Mohan whines, pushing off Santos and shaking her right hand, bent over. Santos stares at her, grinning, before meeting Jack's gaze. Her face goes slack and Jack is confused until he realizes -

He's grinning too.

Fuck.

"Hold still, will ya?" Jack grapples her wrist, firm, onto the bathroom counter. He ignores her hiss, dabbing at her knuckles with the antibiotic from under her sink; he's already creating a new first aid kit for her apartment in his mind as he cleans her up.

("He's just my ex-boyfriend." Samira had explained on the car ride to

her apartment. "He wouldn't send me death threats."

"But he'll stalk your place of work because you *owe* him?" Santos asks drily from the passenger seat, twisting to eye Mohan skeptically.

Jack checks the rearview mirror.

Mohan crosses her arms. "He thinks I stole his work. He got fired, and I didn't."

"Did you?" There's an edge to Santos' voice like she knows she's starting a fight and wants to see if Mohan will throw another punch. Eager for it, in fact.

"Do you think he's as smart as me?"

And it's the way she says it that has Jack clutching at the steering wheel. No hubris, no ego, no cockiness. A simple, inexplicable question with a simple, inexplicable answer.

Santos cackles the rest of the ride back.)

Jack blows on her knuckles lightly as he unrolls the bandage - from his own kit, thank you very much - and he doesn't register the hitch in her breath, how different it sounds from the slightly pained noises she was just giving, until he glances up to check on her. Mohan stares at him, mouth parted, cheeks flushed, eyes blown wide. They're far closer than they should be, except her bathroom is cramped and he needs to see what he's doing, is what he tells himself.

Jack wraps the bandage carefully around her knuckles, tucking the end in and giving her hand one pat.

"In the future, if you don't follow my instructions, you could get killed." He should sound more severe, but. "That was a good punch."

She blinks up at him slowly and this -

This might be a problem.

"Think you can do better next time, though."

"I hate not being good at things." Mohan breathes out shakily. Yeah, a real fucking problem. "Wanna show me?"

A week later, Jack Abbot finds himself at Langdon's gym, an expectant Doctor Samira Mohan bouncing in her sneakers.

"I did some reading and I know there are six punches, and I know you're supposed to move from the hips, from the core, and I know your stance is the most important -"

"I'm not teachin' you how to punch, Doctor Mohan, I'm teachin' you how to defend yourself. To escape." Jack says, dumping his gym bag onto the bench.

"If anyone wanders in while I'm gone, tell them I'll be back in...mhm forty or so." Langdon slaps Jack on the shoulder as he passes, gives Mohan a two-fingered salute, and skips out the gym door.

Mohan slides off her sweatshirt and frowns at him. "To escape? But that's -"

"- what keeps you alive, ma'am." He gives her a pointed look and she nods, though remains doubtful. She needs a demonstration, evidence to support the claim, and he respects her for it. He waves her towards the ring while he goes to change into his gym clothes.

He's ducking under the ropes when he hears her surprised, "oh!" And he remembers.

Right.

She's evaluating his prosthetic and then her eyes snap up to his.

"Problem?" He asks, neutral.

"Not at all." Mohan shakes her head. "Should make you a little easier to take down."

A silence falls and Mohan slaps a hand over her mouth, eyes wide. Jack stares and a real laugh falls from his surprised lips.

"You'd think, wouldn't you?" It's not flirty, he tells himself. It's not real banter, he reminds himself. Client-contractor relationship. That's what they're here for.

Jack progresses her through the basics: strong stance and feet planted, don't let yourself get knocked over. He teaches her how to make a fist

so she doesn't break her thumb, or her wrist. He teaches her a quick one-two, mainly because she won't stop bothering him about it. And he teaches her the vulnerable points: eyes, throat, groin.

"Remember, you want to get out. Alive. That's all that matters." He kicks her foot wider, reminding her of the correct position. "Fighting is exhausting. The quicker you end, the quicker you get to safety."

"You've fought a lot?" She asks, fists remaining up by her face.

"Good form." He returns and she lights up. "And yes. I don't like to, but yes."

"Spar with me." Mohan demands, letting her hands drop slightly. His own palm - open-handed, he's not cruel - flies up and hovers beside her exposed cheek. She flinches, but rights her posture.

"No." Jack says, circling her.

"Come on, I'll never know what my reactions are unless I'm put directly into a realistic situation!" Mohan argues, stepping back slightly so she's facing him again. Knows not to let him get behind her, good, good. "That's why experimental studies are rarely enough on their own; what happens in a controlled setting can vary significantly than in an uncontrolled one."

"Last time, you punched someone in the face when I explicitly told you to stay behind me." He deadpans.

"Exactly!" She grins and Jack feels like maybe he's walked into a trap. Never try to outsmart Doctor Samira Mohan, duly noted. "I panicked and I punched my ex-boyfriend. Who knows what else I might try if not given the proper opportunity to learn."

Jack's jaw clenches and for the first time it's to hide his amusement rather than his frustration. She raises her eyebrows at him, hands spreading in placation. She'd backed him into a corner and she knew it.

(He shouldn't be so excited at the thought, should he.)

"One round of sparring. But if we do this, we do it the right way." Jack dips back under the ropes, retrieves his duffel bag and starts digging around. "No frills, no holdbacks. Forget everything I just taught you about technique. You use whatever is at your disposal to get out of the situation."

“Like what?” Mohan hovers above him, hands on her hips.

He smirks up at her. “Santos likes to bite.”

“Of *course* she does.”

Jack pauses as he catches sight of something in his bag. “How serious are you about this?”

Doctor Mohan stares down at him. “As serious as a potential H5N1 pandemic.”

“I think I get the picture.” Jack hooks the zip tie around his finger, twirls it as he stands back up. “I’m going to try and get this around your wrists. You’re not going to let me.”

Mohan watches the plastic go round and round. And when she shifts her gaze back to his, Jack Abbot realizes he’s miscalculated. He’s not used to a lapse in judgment. Her pupils are shimmering and her tongue darts out, licks at her lips.

He’s expecting resistance, acknowledgement that perhaps he’s overstepped -

“We should have a wager.” Mohan steps away from him, stretching her hamstring in preparation.

Jack kicks his bag off to the side, not taking his eyes off of her. The gym bell rings, indicating the minute rest before the next round begins. “Zip tie on or off in three minutes?”

“Mhm.”

“If I win?” He asks, losing his own sweatshirt.

“I stop giving you grief and follow your instructions. To a T.”

Jack whistles, arms raising over his head. “You must feel confident you can beat me.”

“I’m pretty confident in my abilities when they matter.” She grins and then strips off her t-shirt, leaving her only in a sports bra and joggers.

Jack ducks his head, pretending to stretch his back. So they’re playing dirty. Got it.

“And if you win?” He asks his knees, not ready to see her yet.

There's silence until he straightens and Samira's gaze turns calculating. "You have to call me Samira from now on."

Playing dirty indeed.

Jack counts down in his head and then says, "I'll take that wager, ma'am."

The bell dings and he's moving before she can even blink. All's fair in - well.

Mohan lands flat on her back once more, managing to keep her wrists out of his grasp. She's panting hard even though it's only been a minute. But Jack hasn't let up, not for a second. She wanted a real sparring match and he's giving her what she asked for. She flips onto her stomach and whips her head back; Jack has to relinquish control temporarily to ensure his nose isn't smashed into his skull.

"Good." He pants, smiling. "Use whatever you can, doctor."

Mohan struggles onto her knees, giving him a look - half crazed, half furious. "You're insane." She gasps out.

"Wanna take a break?" He rocks back onto his left heel, other leg stretched out.

Her mouth quirks up. "Nope." And then she kicks his fucking prosthetic. He's actually surprised, falls to his one hand with a sound of shock.

She's on her feet in a flash - swift, lithe, he notes it in the recesses of his mind - and her hands are wrestling against his own. He regains his balance, sweeps her leg out from under her. Fourth time he's got her on her back in less than two minutes. She doesn't drop his arms this time, though, drags his body down with her. He aims to grab both her wrists in one hand; she flexes out of his reach. Jack feels a jerk at his fingers and a foot against his stomach at the same time. It's distracting, which is the only reason he glances down. But it's enough - the sneaker in his gut shoves and Jack rears back.

It's the opening she's waiting for.

Her fingers move, fast as all hell, and there's plastic on Jack's wrists.

The sound of tightening.

She got his wrists in a fucking zip tie.

He freezes, staring down at her, still held in place by her sneaker. His arms drop in pure incredulity as he takes in her heaving chest, the hair sticking to her sweaty skin, the enormous grin taking up half her face.

“I *won*.” She manages to get out.

“Jesus Christ.” He breathes.

“I’m scrappy, Jack Abbot. Don’t underestimate me.” She laughs, a gorgeous sound, and her foot drops.

He lets her have the moment of victory - lets her revel in it - before he teaches her the most important lesson of all: never let your guard down.

Her eyes close and Jack’s bound hands move to his prosthetic in a second, fingers closing on the handle and tugging the tool out of the little divot he keeps it in. He flicks the small thing open, all instinct, and flips it in one go. Wedges the blade between the skin of his wrists; feels a nick, but it’s nothing he isn’t used to.

She opens her eyes just in time to witness Jack slice the plastic clean in half. Her mouth falls open as she registers the knife, body tensing under his for a moment. As soon as his wrists are free, he keeps careful eye contact as he recloses the knife and sends it skittering across the floor towards his duffel, far from their reach.

He scrubs at his stubble. “Sorry.” He sounds properly chagrined. “No one ever thinks to check the prosthetic.”

Mohan’s hands shoot up, latching onto his shoulders and trying to flip him over. He fights against her grip, keeps her pinned under his legs. Scrappy, that’s for damn sure. “You brought a *knife* to a fist fight, seriously?”

Except she sounds a little delirious, a little delighted, a little -

(He won’t name the last one.)

“I said no frills, didn’t I, ma’am?” The address sounds different than it normally does, voice gritty and low. She tries again to knock him onto

his side but he is a stone above her.

So, Mohan plays dirty.

(He had started it, after all.)

Mohan lifts her head, tucks into his neck, and he feels lips on his pulse point. Lips and then teeth. *Hard*.

"Fuck!" Jack startles and instinctively pushes off, staggering backwards and landing wonky on his right foot. She gains the momentum, knocking him the rest of the way back. He's not sure if he's imagining the blood on her teeth. Jesus, *fuck*. "I'm the insane one?"

Straddling his hips, Mohan beams down, using her own body weight to keep his arms pinned against his stomach.

They hear the beep of the second ringer. Thirty seconds left.

Jack shifts his hips, bucks up. She moves with it, not letting him displace her. Warning sirens should be going off in Jack's head right now, he should be thinking about the professionalism of it all. He should be calling mercy, letting her have the well-earned win.

But Jack doesn't think she'd be satisfied unless he takes her, tooth and nail, right to the end.

So he twists again. Her smile turns wicked at the edges and that definitely shouldn't send a shiver down his spine. He slides back, manages to lift his shoulders up, biceps straining against his chest. Mohan glances at them, inhales deeply. When she catches his eye, there's a burning and Jack's skin feels on fire.

It's why it's the perfect opportunity for him to stretch his right hip down, wedge his left thigh up and under -

Another miscalculation.

(Or maybe, if Jack was being completely honest, he ended up exactly where he wanted to be.)

His thigh is tensed, a hard line of muscle, under her hips. It has the startling ability to knock her off balance, to have her nearly face-plant into his sternum, to inadvertently thrust between her legs and up against her core, and to jolt the sweetest sound he's ever heard from

her lips.

Mohan is inches from his throat when the “*oh!*” is dragged out. An involuntary sound, but one of pure want, of pure arousal.

They freeze.

Jack's eyes are unblinking, arms still straining under her strong hands. Mohan stares down and he sees the exact moment the arousal turns to embarrassment. She releases his arms like they burn.

Jack acts because he cannot bear to see the shame overcome her, cannot bear to be the reason she might doubt herself. Jack acts - for the first time in a long time - with little sense of self-preservation. Mohan reels back and Jack follows her up, one hand falling to her waist, skin softer than he could have ever imagined. He forces her in place and Mohan's mouth opens, one whoosh of air falling out.

And then the buzzer for the end of the round rings loud, startling them apart, just as Langdon props the door of the gym open and ushers in his new students.

Three days later, Jack is on the phone with Ellis.

“She got a call at work. I'm trying to trace it but it might not have been ample time. She's freaked, I think -”

Jack's in his truck before he can hang up.

Outside of her office, Ellis gives him a quick nod before returning her attention to her phone. He knocks - a formality more than anything because he barges in before Mohan can answer. He finds her arms crossed tightly over her chest, forehead creased in concentration.

Jack pulls himself up to full height. “Ma'am, we're tracing the call. Since it was your office line, there's a higher chance we can -”

She interrupts him. “He mentioned the conference I'm going to, so it has to be about work right?”

He clasps hands behind his back. “Could be. Or could be personal.”

“Mhm.” She scrubs at her arm. “I guess. My name's on the conference schedule, which is public information.”

“Which, in my professional opinion, remains a bad idea.” He grumbles.

She shoots him a wry smile. “Yes, I’ve heard all your concerns, Jack. Trust me.”

Mohan continues to pace, but the energy is not as frenetic as he expected. It looks more like when she’s thinking through a particularly hard problem she’s run into with a test gone wrong. “We’re handling it, ma’am. You don’t have to worry.”

“I’m not worried.” She waves the concern away and Jack cocks his head. Finally stopping, she huffs at his expression. “What, you thought I’d be holed up in here, shaking like a little puppy?”

Jack’s mouth works over for a couple of seconds. “Ellis said you were...exhibiting some concerning behaviors.”

Mohan gives him a blank look and then rolls her eyes. “I’m *annoyed*, Jack, that this is interfering with my life.” She pauses, something else shuttering her expression. “My life, in a multitude of ways.”

The temperature shifts and Jack’s not sure what to make of it so he remains silent. He’s gotten better at it, the quiet parts of the job.

She scrubs at her mouth and sighs. “It’s just...I don’t know. It’s like he knew what he was talking about.” Jack waits. “I’m not working on anything so scandalous, I don’t understand why -” She cuts herself off.

“Doesn’t make sense, most of the time.” He offers, a meager consolation.

She looks at him - really looks at him - and nods. “No. No it doesn’t.”

Jack is watching Shen and Santos locked in a vicious battle of rock, paper, scissors. Santos slaps her hand over his fist, victorious and unsubtle about it.

“Glad we spent an exorbitant amount of time on this.” Jack says drily, feet kicked up on his desk.

Ellis tosses a ball into the air. “What’s our story?”

“Why do we need a story? We can just be additional security.” Shen

shrugs, swatting at Santos who flicks repeatedly at his ear.

“Because she’s gonna want a story.” Ellis throws the ball at Shen’s face, who manages to catch it in the nick of time.

Before he can return the volley, Jack interrupts. “Settle down, *children*. Ellis is right - Mohan’s not gonna be happy if we come waltzing in, guns ablazing.” Jack jots down some notes. “Ellis, Shen, you two will be on rotating room surveillance. It’s only two nights, so you can each take one. I’ll be Mohan’s...escort.” He balks at the word choice.

Santos snorts, before a mean grin starts to form. Jack already hates it. “Think you should go as her partner, boss.”

Jack gives her a withering glare. “And what kind of successful doctor brings her partner to a work conference in the middle of Ohio?”

Santos shrugs, sipping on her coffee. “You’re...newlyweds. Can’t bear to be away from each other for too long.” She waggles her eyebrows in a deeply disturbing way. “Can’t keep your hands off each other.”

“Shen, will you...” He gestures and Shen nods, chucking the ball directly at Santos’ head.

In a deeply unfortunate turn of events, Santos reaches Mohan with the cockamamie idea first. And Mohan seems to think it makes the most sense.

She rests against the passenger side door, watching him. “I mean, there’s nothing else I can think of off the top of my head that would fit better. We can say we’re leaving for our honeymoon directly after the conference.”

“Which will be...?” He’s unsure why he’s entertaining the idea.

“Why the most romantic place on her earth.” She rests a hand on his shoulder. “Las Vegas.”

Jack snorts and Mohan starts laughing and the rest of the drive doesn’t seem quite so long. He can almost forget why they’re here, together. He hopes she forgets too, for a little bit.

"You can't follow me around to each panel." Mohan states, tucking the pale pink top into her slacks.

"I can't let you go alone." He shrugs, and they find themselves at another stalemate.

Mohan sighs, fixing her hair in the mirror while Jack lounges against the bathroom door.

"Yes, you can. And you will." Jack shakes his head, but she whirls on him, mouth tugging down. "Look, you're here, aren't you? You shadowed me during the morning. Ellis is in the lobby, Shen is literally outside of that hotel door as we speak. You have my full schedule for the rest of the day and you have the location on my phone." She sighs. "So please, Jack. Trust me?"

"I trust you." It's the truth. "I don't trust the person who wants to kill you."

Mohan jerks back like she's been slapped and Jack clenches his jaw, but says nothing. (Sometimes the reminder is necessary. For everyone.)

"That was mean." Her voice comes out in a whisper, but she does not back down. "And uncalled for. As if it's not *my* life you're talking about."

"I'm sorry." Jack softens. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but my job is to keep you safe."

"And you've been doing a great job so far." Dry, brittle. She pushes past him out of the bathroom and he lets her go. "What I'm asking for is a little breathing room. That's it."

Shrugging on the blazer, she fluffs out her hair and then turns, pleading. Jack closes his eyes and inhales deeply. "Fine." He does not want to regret this. "I'll be in the other room. Shen will stay here and Ellis -"

"- will be in the lobby, I *know*." But her voice isn't rough anymore and Jack counts the win. "I have my phone. I will check-in. I promise."

Jack nods, once, and Mohan smiles at him. His stomach clenches and he follows her to the door of the hotel room. Shen waves her off and

Mohan tosses over her shoulder,

"I'll be sure to let you know if anyone is missing my dear *husband*."

"What do you *mean* she didn't come back yet?" Jack breathes into the other man's face.

Shen grimaces. "It's been five minutes, Abbot! Her last panel just finished, there's no way she could make it back up here in - where are you going!"

Jack whirls around, walking backwards. "Stay here and call me if you see her. And *pray* I find her Shen, or you're about to be out of a job and out of a fuckin' life."

He texts Ellis in the elevator, tells her to start sweeping from the lobby up and he'll meet her on the third floor. As soon as the doors are open, he's out and scanning the conference hall. Her last panel was on the fifth floor which means she should be here. But the room is nearly empty and Jack doesn't see the mess of black curls, doesn't see the navy blue of her blazer, doesn't see his fucking doctor -

There.

Jack catches sight of her down the hallway, cordoned off from all the other mingling scientists. There's a man stood before her and - well actually, no. Not standing before her. Invading her space, leaning down to talk to her, hand placed somewhere on her back that is far lower than a colleague should be.

Jack stalks over before he can decide if it's a good idea or not. It's his job, after all.

"Jack!" Mohan nearly shouts as soon as she locks eyes with him, relief radiating off her in waves. Right decision, he's glad to receive the confirmation.

"If it isn't the star of the show." He calls across the hallway, voice riddled with immense affection that has Mohan's eyes widening, edges of her mouth tugging up.

She returns her attention to the other man, who hasn't moved much from his position. What a pickle. "Eduardo, this is my -"

Jack reaches the two of them as Mohan's about to finish her sentence but he doesn't think it matters anyway. He can see clearly now where the man's hand lies, flush against her lower back. Jack grabs Eduardo's wrist in his hand, wrenching it from Mohan's back, and says with a calm geniality, "Watch that hand, friend."

"You don't need to do the dinner thing tonight?" Jack asks when they're riding up in the elevator minutes later. He keeps his gaze fixed straight because she's been looking at him...differently and he doesn't have the mental capacity to parse that out.

"Nope. The one tomorrow is more important." She shifts from one foot to the other. "You're gonna be my date?"

Jack's hands, clasped behind his back, clench together. "Isn't that what husbands are for?"

They eat dinner in Mohan's hotel room, ordering takeout with Shen and Ellis, and Jack can't remember the last time he smiled for so long.

"If I have to hear another story about someone's ridiculously expensive vacation, I might take matters into my own hands, Jack." Mohan whispers into his ear and he chuckles like she's told him a funny story.

"That'd be a stain on my professional reputation, ma'am." His arm rests on the chair behind her back and every time she moves, her hair tickles his fingertips.

Jack glances down at his watch surreptitiously; only an hour or so left of the personal hell he walked himself right into.

A couple seated at their table interrupts them and they're dragged back into inane conversations. But really, all Jack can think about is the hand on the back of her chair, fingers idly twirling curls when she moves. All Jack can think about is her palm on his thigh, the way she falls into his space when she laughs. All Jack can think about is how whenever he does his quick scans of the room, she always catches him and smiles a little wider, like she's thanking him for his vigilance.

(All Jack can think about is how the red and black dress clings to her curves, accentuates her skin, feels like butter whenever it brushes against his forearms.)

The perfect newlyweds, the star virologist and her devoted husband.

That is until Mohan grips tighter, gets a funny look on her face. Smile become strained at the edges, and she keeps taking sips of her water. At one point she grabs at her waist and sits up straight, face shuttering.

She pats his thigh three times and Jack has to give it to her: she's one hell of an actress.

After another ten minutes or so, Mohan makes their excuses but she's already laid the perfect groundwork. Jack plays the role of the dutiful partner, grabbing her bag and clasping her faux clammy hand onto his forearm.

Once the elevator doors close, Mohan releases a loud laugh and Jack shakes his head at her.

"Impressive work, Doctor Mohan."

Jack enters the hotel room first and is about to hit the lights when he hears something. Mohan's palm is on the door and he crowds her against it, one hand coming up to catch the edge and the other covering her mouth.

She grabs at his forearm instinctively but then he watches her head turn, hearing what he has. He pushes the hotel door closed gently, releases the hold on her mouth when she nods in understanding. Jack's ears are perked, his blood is thrumming, his back is straight. He bends down slowly, hikes up his pants and slips the blade out of the small pocket in his prosthetic. Jack can't quite make out Mohan's face, but she holds herself very still. When he turns towards her bedroom, he feels her grasp his empty hand. He'll allow it, for the moment, since he doesn't have the chance to scope out the rest of the living room area. He walks them slowly, carefully towards the bedroom door. As they reach it, Jack forces her to let go, plants a hand on her shoulder, and whispers in her ear,

"Stay here. Text Shen and Ellis. Run if I don't come back."

Jack takes a breath and ducks his head around the bedroom doorway. The dark is jarring, but he can see light coming from the en-suite. Creeps forward, taking his time, steadying his breathing.

This is what he's good at. He will keep her safe.

He reaches the bathroom door, slightly ajar and with water running behind it. He furrows his brow when he hears a curse. Peeks through the gap in the doorway, sees the mirror, and -

Jack stands up straight and slams the bathroom door open.

"*Fuck!*" Ellis yells, reaches for her own knife splayed out on the bathroom counter but Jack beats her to it.

"And now you've got two puncture wounds." Jack smacks her in the arm with the hilt of her own tool. "What the *hell* were you thinkin', Ellis!"

"I spilled Red Bull on my shirt." She holds out the wet material and Jack stares at her.

"I'm gonna have to get a whole new team, I swear to fuck all." Jack drops her knife with a clatter. "Doctor Mohan, we're in the clear."

Mohan slides around the corner, clutching at her chest. "Yeah, we're good." She says into her phone. "It's just Ellis. I think Jack almost stabbed her with two knives."

She sounds a little breathless and Jack rolls his eyes, gestures for the phone. "All clear Shen, except if either of you two dipshits acts as stupid as you did on this trip again, I'm blacklisting your asses."

He hangs up, tossing the phone back into Mohan's hands and stalking out.

"Why were all the lights off?" He hears Mohan ask the other woman and he resists the urge to pound his head against the hotel room door.

His adrenaline is only just starting to wear off when Ellis leaves, tail between her legs. He triple-checks the lock and when he turns around, he finds Mohan eyeing him from the bedroom door. Seems the adrenaline is still working for her.

"Are you gonna stay here all night, Jack?" She cocks her head playfully.

Jack swallows. "Better safe than sorry. Ellis will relieve me in the morning."

A dimple appears on her cheek and Jack takes a deep breath to steady himself.

"Good thing we sprang for the king-sized bed then, huh?" Pushing off, she makes her way over.

He resists the urge to step back. "I'll be sitting on the couch, ma'am."

"You're not going to sleep?"

"I wouldn't be very effective at my job if I did, now would I?" It's got a hint of teasing that has Jack recoiling at himself. Samira's grin widens.

She goes to open her mouth, but ends on a shrug instead. And then she spins, brushing her hair forward - those fucking curls - to expose the back of her dress.

"Unzip me, please?"

Jack's hand spasms by his side and he has to clench, pushing half-moon divots into his palm until he almost breaks skin. He exhales and grasps the zipper, working mechanically. All part of the job, he reminds himself.

It's a tough reminder to keep, though, when the broad expanse of silky skin is exposed to him inch by inch. The end of the zipper rests at her lower back and Jack rips his hands away. The material gapes open, all smooth, all brown.

Samira peers over her shoulder, holding the dress loosely against the front of her chest. Too loose, his mind supplies, one slip of her hand and -

"What are you doing, Doctor Mohan." Jack's voice comes out gravelly and he needs to smack himself.

She meets his gaze, licks at her lips. He pointedly does not react. "I'm going to take a shower."

It isn't until he hears the water running that Jack sinks into the couch, grasps at his hair, and pulls with all his might.

Jack keeps his focus on the window when he hears shuffling from her room, surveying the lights of the city.

The door opens and reflexively, his head snaps towards it. He kinda wishes he hadn't honed such sharp reflexes, as he takes in her big shirt, her messy bun, her fresh face, her skimpy, skimpy sleep shorts.

Jesus Christ, man.

She sees him on the couch and frowns. "You're really going to sit there?" He nods. "All night?" Another nod.

She rests one bare foot against her calf. Her eyes flicker to the hotel door, parallel to them both. "What if someone breaks in?"

His brow twitches. She doesn't sound overly concerned. "Then I'll be between them and you."

"I don't know. Door's about equidistant from my bedroom and the couch. They could sneak right by you."

"They can't." It's a calm surety in which he says it, but he sees the way her throat moves harshly.

"You sound very confident."

"I am." Jack leans back against the couch, legs spreading. Ignores the way her eyes dip imperceptibly at the movement. "Were you not satisfied with my actions earlier?"

She remains silent and then he notices the way her nipples are starting to peek through that fucking shirt as she continues watching him, and Christ alive -

"What would make you feel safer, ma'am?" He shifts forward, hands clasped between his knees. This is dangerous, and Jack knows danger. She goes to speak and he interrupts, "That *doesn't* involve us sharing a bed."

Mohan pouts. "Boring."

His mouth twitches against his will and she notices the movement immediately, this damn perceptive doctor.

She pretends to mull something over. "That." She juts her chin towards the armchair, next to the couch. "Here."

Jack stares at her for a moment and then nods, slowly. Stands up and hauls the armchair up in his grasp. Continues ignoring how her eyes track him, hungry, as his biceps flex. He stands before her, one eyebrow cocked, until she shuffles out his way. He plants the chair in her open doorway, halfway in, halfway out, and sits. Spreads his hands.

"Happy?"

She beams at him. "Delighted."

And Jack's heart slams in his chest, his neck cricks with the need to move his body suddenly. But Jack is good at what he does and so he remains stoic, unmoving.

He's turned the chair so he can keep an eye on her and the hotel door simultaneously. Jack's used to sitting for long periods of time, has gotten over the ache it settles into his right leg. He checks his phone again, seeking out any updates and finding things quiet. Quiet is good, he reminds himself. Quiet is needed, quiet means that everything is as it should be.

Theoretically, of course.

Quiet is good, a mantra in his mind, as Mohan rustles under the covers again and releases a loud sigh. She flops this way and that and then slaps her palms into the sheets. The room is dark, the only light sparkling in from the larger buildings a couple streets away. Dark, until the bedside lamp clicks on and Jack has to blink a couple of times to adjust. He glances over and she's sat up, hair a curly mess around her head, frown on her face.

(He thinks she looks beautiful -)

"I can't sleep." Mohan says.

"Shame." Jack replies.

Her eyes narrow. "I can feel you watching me."

He sighs, rubbing at the back of his neck. "That's why I was gonna be on the *couch*."

"But I don't want you on the couch." And the way she phrases it makes Jack's jaw clench, makes his lips flatten.

Where do you want me, he desperately wants to ask. Instead, he remains silent. He is a professional, through and through.

But Doctor Samira Mohan seems to love testing his resolve. (Especially when she knows he's heard what she might sound like, the little noises she's capable of making. He internally shakes himself to erase the memories.)

She sighs again, rolls her head on her neck.

"There's tea out there if you want some." He says, taking pity.

"Mhm-mhm." Shakes her head.

"Well, what do you normally do when you can't sleep?"

Jack regrets the question as soon as it leaves his lips, as soon as her head lolls up. Her teeth gleam and Jack realizes he's made another serious miscalculation. He *hates* when that happens.

"When I can't sleep?" She breathes out and one hand comes up, rests on her sternum. "Usually I'd masturbate."

Jack can't help the way his breath comes out, short and sharp, nostrils flaring. He whips his head forward, bracing hands on his knees.

She's really gonna fucking kill him.

"Should've known you -" He starts then cuts himself off. He stares down at his palms, reregulating his heart rate and willing away the tightening in his stomach. But he can't stop the thrumming that's brewing in his veins, the way his mind seems to be splitting in two: the rational version of himself who is damn good at his job pushing up against the irrational version, desperate in all the wrong ways. Desperate for Doctor Samira Mohan to have a normal, healthy life because she deserves it.

Jack feels wrong-footed and caught off-guard and the thing he knows how to do when he's backed into a corner is flip the script.

"Well, if it'll help you sleep." He sounds far calmer than he feels,

slumping back into the chair. The gratification of her own vocal inhale makes something tug in his gut. He remains stone-faced and alert.

There's silence for a long time and Jack feels himself settle again. She's a dog with a bone, that one, trying to get under his skin since day one. She wants to push his buttons, wants to see how far she can take it before he loses his cool. But Jack's been doing this a long time. Seen enough people who are all bark, no bite -

A soft moan hits him like a punch to the chest and Jack would never be able to stop himself as his neck spins so abruptly he almost gasps at the pain.

Mohan is laid out, sheets kicked down slightly so they cover her from the waist down. One hand is splayed over her exposed stomach, trailing fingers against skin, while her other hand is -

Her other hand is hidden under the sheets, presumably under those tiny fucking shorts.

"*Jesus Christ*, Mohan." Jack grits out, body moving reflexively and then stopping. He's halfway out of the seat as if he has to move - towards her, away from her, he's got no idea. All Jack knows is that his heart is beating too quickly and there's a buzzing in his ears and Doctor Samira Mohan is staring at him with a little crease between her brows and her full lips parted.

She huffs out a laugh, though it sounds a little pained. "You said my name."

Jack feels dizzy, feels like the one time he was drugged and started losing control of his hands, of his limbs. It was a terrifying feeling then, and it still is to an extent now. But his forebrain is not compromised and he should look away, he *needs* to look away.

Her hand freezes under the sheets, and Jack's eyes snap to the movement. When he manages to look away, she's eyeing him, tension returned to the corner of her mouth, to her jaw.

"Sorry." She whispers, and he hears something he doesn't like in her tone. "Sorry, that was - I was jo-joking, I didn't mean to make it weird."

Jack takes one breath. "You need to sleep." Her forehead creases in confusion. "That big brain of yours needs rest." He says each word clearly, without hesitation. Jack has no idea what he's doing. But he

wants her to be okay. He wants her to be able to fucking sleep, without fear. "So. Whatever helps you sleep."

He swears he can see her pupils dilate from across the room. She nods, vaguely, as if only half of her is processing his words. He nods right back, assured. And then her hand starts to move again and Jack collapses into the armchair as all the air leaves his body. Her other hand slides up over her t-shirt, tweaks at one of her nipples, and Jack cannot watch this, cannot have this memory branded into his mind. His eyes bore into the opposite wall with all his might.

"Can you..." She gasps out and he wonders if he'll break one of his teeth tonight. "Can you keep -" She can't seem to get the words out.

"I need clear instructions, ma'am."

She whimpers at his words and Jack's toes curl in his left boot.

"Can you keep looking at me."

It's what he was afraid of, but Jack does not back down when given a task. His head returns slowly this time, and when he meets her, her eyes flutter shut for a second.

Jack is good at observing, it's part of his job. It's hard to turn off. Which means that he can't help himself as he catalogues each of her movements, her sounds, her facial expressions. Jack Abbot now knows that Doctor Samira Mohan likes her nipples tugged hard, for maximum stimulation. He knows that she likes a rough, but slow rhythm as she works her fingers into her cunt. He knows that she's sensitive, can tell each time she must touch her clit because it sets her body alight. He knows that she's a moaner, knows that her body likes to move, knows that she keeps seeking out his eyes to make sure they haven't moved a millimeter from her own.

Jack Abbot has a scar on his abdomen from a bullet, torn through his body. Jack Abbot has a prosthetic, after his right ankle and foot were amputated. Jack Abbot has nightmares sometimes, from the before (before he met Robby, before met Heather, before he met Shen and Ellis and the rest of his crew).

But in this moment, the only thing that invades Jack's conscious, subconscious, every part of his body is a deep and visceral need to watch Doctor Samira Mohan finger herself to orgasm.

"You close?" He doesn't mean to ask the question, but Jack's self-

control is all currently concentrated on keeping his ass firmly in this seat and not coming in his pants at the sight of her.

She whines into the air, head thrown back. "Shit, your *voice*." She manages to get out and Jack bites at his cheek so hard he tastes blood. "I've dreamt of you, you know?"

And oh, god, Jack can't handle this if she's gonna talk her way through it.

"I've dreamt of this."

Jack's a half-cocky shit himself. "You've dreamt of this exact scenario? How convenient."

Mohan laughs and then moans, hips rolling up into her hands. He thinks he'd give anything right now to see her fully. "After you taught me how to spar -"

And of course, it can't come as a surprise. He knew, they both knew. (Jack would deny his own dreams of her as well.)

"I was - I - " She releases a breathy little hiccup and Jack digs fingers into his thighs. "I've never been so turned on in my life."

Jack stares, half outside of his own body. "How wet were you?"

"*Dripping*, Jack." She whines, fights to keep her eyes open.

Jack stares, droning in his ears drowned out only by the sound of her. "Did you make yourself come then too?"

Her chest heaves. "Yes, yes, I did -"

Jack stares and stares and stares.

"Jack, I want -" One of her feet kicks reflexively and the sheet slides down further. He can see the bare skin of her hip.

"What?"

"I want -" Her hand is insistent, unceasing. "You know, you *know* what I want."

"Use your words. Ask me nicely." He doesn't sound like himself anymore.

“Jack, please.” She cries out and Jack says,

“Samira.”

Her back arches off of the bed, she chokes on a sob, and Jack Abbot burns the image of Doctor Samira Mohan coming on her fingers into his mind for eternity.

Eventually, her breathing evens out and Jack tucks himself into his waistband, swallowing down the hiss as his arousal threatens to break him. She shifts and shucks the sheets off of her.

“Where are you going?” Jack asks, but he barely catches her answer. His eyes are caught and trapped by the image of those little sleep shorts, a wet patch evident at the seam of her thighs.

Jack is standing and moving before he can think to stop himself. He catches her halfway to the bathroom, focus never diverting. She hiccups out a gasp when he encircles her wrist in his hand, swaying in towards his body as if seeking out his heat. He maintains the distance between them, their only point of connection between her wrist and his fingers.

That is, until she pushes against his palm. That is, until she moves her fingers towards his mouth, hovering just before his lips.

He can *smell* her own cum on her fingers and Jack - because he is but a man - groans in the back of his throat. Samira's brows furrow - just like they did when she was orgasming, and he knows the distinction now - and she places her fingers against his lips. He parts his mouth, lets them sink into the heat, onto his tongue.

Jack licks her fingers clean and not once does he consider doing anything else.

The next morning, Jack leaves with Ellis before Mohan can wake up. It's for the best, he tells himself. He's got a job to do.

They're nearing Pittsburgh when Ellis checks her phone, swears, and says, “Fuckin’ look at this.”

It all had to come to a head eventually. It always does, in his line of work.

Ellis jumps out of the car as soon as he's at the curb and Jack's brows jump when he sees Robby pacing in front of the building, hanging up the phone when he catches sight of them.

"Guy tried to break into her office." Robby jerks his head towards a man - a black eye already forming - sitting cross-legged on the curb, hands cuffed behind his back. "It was amateur hour."

Something trickles down Jack's back, a sickening feeling of dread forming. It's off, something's not right.

"I just did what he told me to do, man!" The young kid blubbers, hair greasy, leg bouncing anxiously.

Robby rolls his eyes. "He claims he was set up."

Ellis sneers at the kid. "You really think -"

A fracturing in Jack's mind.

"Fuck." He breathes out and turns, sprinting back towards the truck. "Ellis, call Santos now. Tell her to be at Mohan's place in thirty seconds."

"Cap, what the hell!" Ellis tosses her hands in the air but retrieves her phone, while Robby slaps the side of Jack's truck in confusion as he peels away.

Shen isn't picking up. Shen isn't picking up, and neither is Mohan, and there's a ringing in Jack's ears like the tinnitus he knows comes and goes.

He stops in front of her apartment building, not bothering to turn the car off. He's at the steps when he sees Santos rushing towards him. Whipping his small Kel-Tec out of its holster, her mouth tightens and she mimics him, unleashing her own SIG Sauer.

Jack halts them when they arrive on her landing, a noise catching his

attention. He ducks his head and catches the small *snick* as her apartment door closes. Jack has less than three seconds, he knows, so he breaks into a sprint and his hands grasp onto the door knob a split second before the lock can snap into place. He shoves hard, Santos at his back, and forces his way into her apartment.

He's met with minor resistance as Mohan's expression transforms from shock, to blanket confusion, and then her brain registers the gun in his hands. Her breath stutters, but Jack is not paying attention. He grabs the back of her head, tucks it into his shoulder, and tries to cover her ear as he says, "Don't move."

His gun is trained on the figure hovering at her bedroom door, eyes going wide as they also catch on the gun. They move too fast, back into the room and out of his sight.

"Get her out of here." Jack says, handing off Mohan to Santos. He can hear her fight against Santos' grip, and then the apartment door shuts behind him, Mohan's call of his name fading away.

It happens in slow-motion and all at once, as these things are want to do.

Jack is sneaking towards the bedroom door when a book is thrown in his direction. He deflects it easily, but it's enough of a distraction for the figure to force their way forward, to grab at Jack's wrist. Jack's not an idiot though; he uses the torque to press his hand up and pulls the trigger.

It's a graze against the shoulder, nothing serious, but Jack knows what the sting does. Knows what it does to someone who's never been shot at before, who doesn't know how disorienting a gunshot is when it's up close and personal. The figure jerks back, yells, and Jack pistol whips him in the cheek.

The recently healed cheek, formerly bruised from when a doctor had punched him in the face.

Greg collapses onto the ground, cradling his head.

"The ex-boyfriend? What a cliché." Jack pants, ripping a zip tie from his back pocket and straddling the man's stomach, cinching his hands at his chest.

Greg spits, groans in frustration. "That cunt cost me my job, my -"

Jack slaps in the face, then points a finger. "Don't be fuckin' rude." This really was all amateur hour, wasn't it. "You did that all yourself, amigo." He pats down Greg's person, checking his pockets. He pulls out a flimsy leatherman tool. "You were gonna use this to threaten her?"

Greg grins, blood in his mouth. "That, amongst other things."

Jack sees red, grabbing at the man's shoulder and sinking his finger into the wound, hard. Greg cries out and Jack doesn't get any satisfaction, but he does feel a little calmer.

There's a push at the apartment door and Santos staggers in, gun still drawn. She deflates as soon as she sees Jack on top of the restrained Greg. "Man, that was so quick!"

"He put up no fight." Jack shrugs, smirks as the man below him squawks bitterly. "Mohan?"

"With Shen and Ellis. Cops are coming up too." She grimaces and Jack sighs heavily.

"Fuckin' perfect."

Mohan sits in the passenger side of his truck, feet dangling out, Santos' jacket draped over her shoulders.

"We finally found his online accounts: he'd gotten sucked down the alt-right pipeline basically, on incel channels, you know the deal." Shen shows Mohan his phone.

"So months of shitty death threats because - what? He *made up* a story how I was a self-righteous bitch who stole his job and ruined his life?" Mohan scoffs. "We broke up *months* ago because we were incompatible, it was mutual, he -" She scrubs at her face. "I mean, he was shit in bed, but I didn't tell him that!"

Ellis snorts and Mohan glances up at her, in utter disbelief but with a small, exasperated smile on her face. As if the whole thing was too ridiculous to believe. Because it was, in a sense.

A silence falls over the four of them, broken only by the police sirens around the building and,

"Did you shoot a bullet in my apartment?" Mohan asks suddenly.

Jack flattens his mouth. "Hmm."

Santos starts cackling, holding her stomach. Eventually, Jack kicks the three of them out of the safety of his car, promising payments in their accounts by next week. Shen calls out about vacation days as he stumbles towards Santos' car for a ride home, and Jack flips him off.

"So it's your fault my apartment is a crime scene right now." Mohan leans her elbows on her knees, staring at Jack.

"Technically that's your ex-boyfriend's fault." Jack scuffs his boot.

"I have to find someplace else to stay tonight."

He sinks hands deep into his pockets. "I can help you find a hotel room -"

"Or you can let me see your place." Mohan says, plainly, and Jack has to rest a hand against the open passenger door to steady himself. "As repayment for the bullet hole I'm gonna have to cover up."

He works his tongue against his teeth. "I have a spare bedroom."

"Okay." Mohan shrugs, as if it means nothing to her. As if it wouldn't have mattered either way.

Jack licks his lips. "I'm an old man, Mohan."

She shivers at her name on his lips. "I really don't fucking care, Jack."

The lock is barely on when Mohan crowds him against the door, reaching for the edges of his jacket. An interesting and not totally unwanted role reversal from the day before. "Wait." Jack says, last of his restraint fraying at the edges.

She huffs, but takes a dutiful step back, shirking off her own outer layer as Jack maneuvers towards his desk. He finds what he's searching for, holding out a paper and pen.

“Sign this.”

Mohan eyes him skeptically. “I was always told never to sign anything without a lawyer present.”

“Good girl.” He holds onto her quick inhalation, letting it feed the warmth brewing in his stomach. One more step, and then he’ll be free of this. “It’s a termination of services.”

“Do I get to leave a review as well?” Her tongue pokes into her cheek as she takes the pen, signs with a flourish on the bottom line.

The ink isn’t dry before Jack is ripping the paper out of her hand, dropping it all to the ground so he can finally - *finally* - get his hands on her with no pretense, no guard. “Better be five stars.”

And then Jack’s lips are on Samira Mohan’s and he gives one final thanks to his self-control that got him this far. A job well done, all around, he’d say.

It’s a desperate, cloying hunger that drives them to each other. Mohan moans into this mouth, clutching at whatever she can. Jack gets his hands properly in her hair, sinking into the softness he’d only gotten a tease of at the dinner. He cradles her head, other hand coming to her waist, to her lower back. There’s barely a point of separation between them but Jack has the urge to drive closer. Skin, that’s what he needs. The flash of her back as he unzipped her dress brands his eyelids.

With a surprising show of force, Mohan pushes him back against his desk, hands sliding down to tug in his hips. “Say my name again, Jack.”

“What was that, ma’am?” He smirks into her cheek, into her jaw as he scrapes teeth along skin.

She shudders, yanking at his short hair. Jack grunts. “I said -“

“- Doctor Mohan -“

“- who knew you had all this time to play under that rough exterior.” Mohan jokes, palm sliding under his t-shirt.

“*Rough* exterior, what could you be talking about?” He pulls back because he needs to look at her. Lips red and raw, cheeks flushed, eyes low, hair loose framing her face.

“Jack.” She says.

“Samira.” He responds and then there is nothing else to say.

He lets her strip him of his t-shirt and then he does the same, tracing reverent fingers down her skin. She tries to get hands on his belt loops and he grasps her wrists.

“Feels like you want me to zip tie you again.” He breathes against her lips.

She takes a harsh inhale, but he feels them twitch up. “Again? Remind me when the first time was?”

He grins. “Touché.”

And then Jack slides to his knees before her.

“Oh.” Her hands, shaking slightly, cradle his cheeks. He loops fingers around her wrists, places a kiss to each palm. “You don’t -“

“Please.” Jack stares up at her, lets her see the desperation, the pure want. “Please, Samira.”

Samira looks like she’s been slapped, nods dazedly, and he’s not sure how cognizant she is of it. He’ll stop if she wants him to, but before then Jack will kneel until his legs go numb and the circulation stops completely.

Working her out of her jeans, he nuzzles into her abdomen, inhales the scent of her. Gets to see what he missed last night, hidden under those sheets. Jack tongues at the edge of her panties, slips hands under the back of her thighs to drag them apart. Falling back heavily against the desk, she spreads herself for him. Jack recognizes the gift he is being given.

“Look at you.” He mumbles into the dip of her hip. “Jesus Christ, *look* at you, Samira.”

“Jack.” It’s a plea and while Jack certainly isn’t above teasing, he thinks they’ve both waited long enough. He tugs her panties down, can’t help the groan that escapes when he notices the pool of wet in the seam.

There’s no subtle build-up, no more anticipation. As soon as Jack witnesses her glistening folds, he is a man starved. No longer the

carefully constrained bodyguard, no longer the withholding handler. Jack gives himself over - not to his own urges, but to Doctor Samira Mohan.

(But, really. Is it any different from what he was already doing?)

He licks a stripe up her cunt and Samira shudders, jerks her hips forward and Jack lets her take what she needs. He coats a finger in her wetness, sinks in halfway to the knuckle and stops. She grabs at his hair, yanks.

“Samira.” She yanks again. It’s painful and it shoots right down to Jack’s cock, thick and straining. “You said you dreamed about me.”

“Of course you remember that.” She huffs out, caught between a laugh and something far more visceral.

“I remember everything you say to me.” It sounds like a confession, when he’s on his knees like this. But he doesn’t think about being embarrassed, doesn’t think about much at all when her chin snaps down to stare at him. He maintains the eye contact as he ducks, pressing his finger in fully right as he licks gently at her clit.

Releasing a moan, Samira uses one hand to balance herself against the desk, the other remaining firm in his hair, pushing his deeper into her. Jack always did like a clear, simple instruction. His tongue goes to work against her raised bud, finger massaging in the same rhythm. He works her up, content to let her whines and groans fill the room.

“I did dream of you.”

Jack’s eyes flutter shut. Neither of them are good at playing fair.

“I dreamed of this. I dreamed of you everywhere, all over me.” Her words are punctuated with a sharp roll of her hips, with a tightening of the handle she has on his hair. “You’re just so -”

He stops sucking on her clit to grit out, “I’m so what?”

“Present.” And that’s not what he was expecting, but she doesn’t give him time to process. “You’re always there. I never had to guess, I never had to wonder. I always felt -” She gasps as he centers all his attention on her clit, when he works in another finger, stretching her open. “You made me feel *safe*.”

Jack’s eyes widen and his free hand shoots down to the front of his

pants, cups himself through the fabric to keep from spilling over. What the *fuck*.

Jack's grateful for his well-maintained strength as Samira bucks under his grip, pelvis fighting as his fingers roughen their pressure, keep their pace steady. The hand on her abdomen serves a dual purpose, holding her waist in place and keeping her clit accessible to his tongue. Jack is as diligent here as he is in most other aspects of his life, and the relentless focus is exactly what she needs.

"*Jack.*" Samira whines out, head tossed back as her fingers curl into the lip of his desk, waist flexing under his grasp. "Jack, Jack, I'm gonna -"

Jack sucks on her clit, crooks his finger - ignores the sounds her pussy makes around him so that he doesn't lose his fucking mind - and hums against her core. He is grateful for his endurance now more than ever before.

He can feel the orgasm hit as her stomach clenches, as her knuckles turn white against the desk, as her body ripples with the want of it all, as her pussy clenches against his fingers so tightly he's mildly worried for a second. (He's broken fingers before. They heal.) Samira Mohan lets loose a cry as she comes and Jack's eyes close on their own, reveling in the satisfaction of a job completed.

He works her through it, dragging out the last flutters of her orgasm until Samira slumps back, pats affectionately at his cheek to get him to release the pressure on her clit.

"*Jack.*" The sound is a huff of air, laced with so much fondness that it makes Jack a little dizzy. That and his cock dragging all the blood from his head down. He spreads his fingers one last time - to hear what sound she'll make - before sliding them out slowly. Then, because Jack hasn't been able to get the taste of her out of his mind, he sucks on his fingers. Samira gapes down at him, mouth hanging open, forehead creased so severely she looks like she might cry.

Jack places a hand on the desk right next to hers, groans as he shifts from his knees to his haunches, back up to standing. As soon as he's up, her hands are looping around his waist hauling him against her. The hiss escapes his lips as his cock presses against her hip.

“Those poor knees.” Samira says, all teeth until she recaptures his lips. Her hands slide to his arms, squeezing into his forearms, into his biceps.

“I’m very overworked.” Jack nods forlornly, and she snorts against his cheek.

“You know, for a bodyguard, I expected more...handling.” She caresses the muscle of his arms, distracted.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Mhm.” Another press of her lips, another breathing in of her scent. “Feel like I got skimped on the bodily - *ah!* -”

Before she can get another word out, Jack is crouching again. In a practiced move, his hand grabs her arm and he pushes a shoulder into her stomach, hauling her up in a makeshift fireman’s carry. He smacks her ass once, soothes the sting with fingers that end at her still dripping core.

Her yelp transforms into a gasp but when he’s halfway to his bedroom, he feels her twisting. Somehow, Samira contorts herself - and he’ll really have to recall how flexible she is, pertinent information - and there’s the sudden bite of teeth into his flank.

“Shit.” Jack groans, knees threatening to give out.

She smacks his ass in retaliation. “Think you forgot how scrappy I can be, Jack.”

“Oh I remember, Samira.”

“*Shit* - come on!” Samira whimpers, as the foil packet slips from her grasp a second time. Jack’s not playing fair, fingers working within her as she sits on his lap at the edge of his bed, both of them long since stripped naked. He doesn’t apologize, instead tucking his head and mouthing at a pert nipple. She hums and then Jack sinks his teeth in. The sound turns into a cry, but her hand shoots up and keeps his head exactly where he is. Eventually, he releases the hold.

“I told you, I remembered, Samira.” He pants against her flushed skin. “I remember everything you said to me. I remember everything you

showed me.”

Her body trembles as he shifts to her other breast, harsh and tireless. But he gets to see the long column of her throat as she exhales into the air above them.

“*Jack.*” It sounds wanton, petulant. “I need you inside me.”

He moans against her nipple, hips bucking up reflexively. Withdrawing, he glowers. “Not fair.”

She beams. “And what have you been doing?”

Retrieving the forgotten condom, he tears it open with teeth, manages - in a feat of great dexterity that even he’s proud of - to roll it down the length of him with one hand while his fingers don’t break their rhythm inside her cunt.

“You want my cock?” He whispers into her ear and she pushes her chest instinctively against his, flutters around his fingers. “Then take it, Samira. I’m all yours.”

Samira's forehead creases as she eyes him critically. Seems to find what she’s looking for - and it might be Jack’s job to defer, deflect, engage in subterfuge in order for the ends to justify the means, but there’s no way in hell he could keep anything from her when she looks like this, when she’s looking at *him* like *this*. Jack recognizes he’s been compromised probably since the third day he knew Samira Mohan and part of him wonders if that means something about his job, about his skill, about his ability to maintain the distance necessary. But the larger part of Jack Abbot can’t seem to find any more fucks to give, for the time being.

This latter part grows in size and importance as she lifts herself up off of his lap and then sinks down, all wet and wanting heat, around his cock.

Endurance, endurance, endurance. Remember your training Jack, god damn it.

Her hands brace on his shoulders and Jack grounds down with both feet to steady her as she rides him, hips rolling over and over. He’s content to let her take, to seek out her own pleasure if it means he

gets to witness it.

Samira licks at his lips, demands entry via her tongue and Jack offers it willingly. She tastes like mint and warmth and something so distinctly Samira Mohan he wonders if he'll ever be able to put a name to it. Finds words less important, in their current state.

"You're so beautiful." Jack says because he might not consider verbal articulation necessary - finds communication with his eyes and various grunts gets his point across most of the time - but Samira needs it. Samira relishes in praise, and open communication, and Jack Abbot has been dead set since day one on giving Samira exactly what she needs. "You're beautiful, and you're smart as a fuckin' whip, Samira."

She scrapes fingernails down his back, presses her chin into his temple, bears down harder into his lap. Jack grapples at her waist to give his hands something to do, to redirect his focus away from his own impending orgasm.

"Throw one hell of a right hook, too." He says, mouth twitching up, and his heart thumps at the breathless chuckle she rewards him with.

"Probably better now, thanks to your training." She rests her palms on his thighs, retreats a bit until just the tip is still inside her and then pushes back down, dragging harsh groans from both of them. And because Jack has not been able to take his eyes off of her since he met her, he notices the flash of something across her expression. Her throat swallows once and then Samira is leaning to the side, reaching a hand down his leg.

"Wha-" He starts, hands bracing her waist to keep her from falling over. But she's all core strength as her fingers dance around his prosthetic and then maneuver her way back up.

Jack's eyes flash, his hands tighten so hard he should be worried about bruising her. But he can't think about anything outside of the ringing in his ears as Samira holds the small, sheathed knife from the side of his prosthetic between two fingers.

"*Samira.*" Jack should mean it as a warning, but instead it comes out fierce and wanting. She doesn't open it, simply trails the blunt hilt up his stomach, up his chest.

Jack's entire body shudders, throbbing inside of her. Her gaze narrows. "Why am I not surprised?"

This drags a laugh from him, though it transforms into a moan of pleasure when the hilt finally reaches his cheek. Samira freezes in his lap, eyes wide and unblinking. She stares at him, and he stares right back. Continues staring as she slowly moves the hilt of the knife towards his jaw, up and under his mouth. Jack's tongue darts out to see her pupils dilate.

And then Samira is pressing the hilt of the knife to Jack's lips, and he is opening his mouth for her, and the hilt tastes metallic and a bit nasty if he's being completely honest, but it doesn't matter because Samira is watching him like *that*.

"Oh." She breathes, body unmoving except -

Except for where her cunt clenches, impossibly hard, around his cock.

Jack spits out the knife hilt, grabs and flings it off the side of the bed, and drags her in for a bruising kiss. His voice is devoid of everything except a deep, chasmal want as he says, "You're dangerous."

"I'm not the one who knows how to fire a gun." Samira says and he'd argue except, from his current approximation, they're about even.

There's been too much tension, too much lead up for this to last any longer than it already has. Jack uses her own body against her, rocks her hips back and forth against his, ensures her clit rakes against his abdomen with each pass. She meets his rhythm, releases noise after noise against his cheek, against his throat, against his lips.

"Thank you for protecting me." She whispers into his ear as he gives a particularly rough drag, cunt squeezing his cock. Jack grunts, digs his hands into her back. "Thank you for saving my life."

"I didn't -" He starts, but spasms all the same.

"You did." She brushes a hand through his hair and Jack hums, uses his grip to push up a little deeper, to grind her hips down harder. Samira whimpers and he doesn't know how much longer he has. "Jack, you did, and I - oh, fuck, I -"

"I wanna see you come again, Samira." He tangles a hand in her hair so he can watch every expression on her face. "Come on my cock, you'll feel so much better."

Her brow furrows, her nails dig into the skin of his sternum. Samira grinds down once, twice, three times and then he hears the sob she releases, watches her face scrunch up in a heady mix of pleasure and overstimulation, feels her core constrict around him in a vice-grip. Jack releases his own moan, fucks up into her to prolong the orgasm as long as possible.

It isn't until she falls boneless against him that Jack grabs at her ass, presses himself in deep, pounds against her sweet spot - tries to drag those breathy sounds from her lips for the last time - and sinks teeth into her shoulder to muffle himself as he shoots into the condom, longer and more intense than he expects.

He holds her for what feels like ages, reluctant to feel the cold weight of his bedroom, reluctant to lose the warm heat of her skin against him. Eventually, however, Samira wiggles in discomfort and he slides out of her, her sigh at the loss making something in his gut tense. Carefully depositing her onto the bed, he ties off the condom, tosses it into the bin, surveys her sprawled out on the black comforter, commits the image to memory.

"Better not be acting melodramatic." Samira mumbles, eyes still closed, skin still flushed.

"I refuse to believe I'm predictable." Jack sniffs in mock disdain.

Her eyes flicker open and Jack's heart seizes, his hand flexes, his throat constricts because he's quite sure, quite positive in his nearly five decades that he has never seen anything as paradisiacal as Doctor Samira Mohan, naked, spread out on his sheets.

"You are." She assures and Jack finds himself leaning forward, tracing her every movement. "But it's okay." She sits up, rests back on her hands. Jack braces his own on either side of her. "I can be the wildcard for the both of us."

Jack grins. "Promise?"

"Pinky swear." Samira beams. "Just let me know when the contract's ready for me to sign."

"For services rendered?"

"And then some."

End Notes

this show has me a damn chokehold i can't escape

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if
you enjoyed their work!